

# Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

VOL. I.] SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1823. [NO. 16.

## Lorenzo Dow!

Of all subjects for communications, to be found

"O'er all this goodly earth,"

and beneath

"The spacious concave raised on high,"

one on Lorenzo Dow is the very last that the stretch of our imagination could have reached. But since the "thing" has actually met our eyes, we will indulge the inclination we feel to say a few worthless words about this same "queer creature," in hope of being speedily elected honorary member of a "Saratoga Gabbling Society."

We recollect to have been drawn into the motley crowd of his "admiring hearers" twice, during the days of "our boyish wonder"—though, to confess, if memory and conscience tally well within us, we at the *last* time experienced, spite of the prevailing stare around, less of wonder than of "loathing and disgust." The complaint of vulgarity in the communication below, is, doubtless, not without abundant reason. We have heard from his lips, sentences which this good grey-goose-quill of ours, all unacknowledged as it may be of the chaste and bright-eyed nymphs who sit in judgment over the votaries of taste, promptly refuses to record. Some of his sayings, however, which come under the denomination of vulgar, may be written; though to the reflecting mind they savour strongly of irreverence: for instance, he persists in declaring that "Jacob served Esau a *real Yankee trick*."

He is said to have belonged, formerly, to the Methodist sect; but in process of time, they found it necessary to prescribe rules for his conduct:—among others we recollect the following:

1. That whenever he preached, he should take a text from "the written word of God."
2. That he should keep himself bodily within the pulpit, while preaching.

Reasonable requisitions enough, in all conscience! But he, not choosing to walk so methodically, forswore all allegiance to sect, forever, and so

"Richard's himself again!"

In this part of the country, he has alwa

been considered game too small to be shot at. In one of the Carolinas, however, he lately succeeded in making the high mettled Southrons believe themselves imposed upon by him: the consequence of which was his imprisonment, a law-suit, &c. which at that time made considerable noise. 'Tis said he now gives out that he is just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

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ESPERANCE, Oct. 17, 1823.

Sir,

Hearing that the celebrated Lorenzo Dow preached at your city, a little time since, I am induced to present to your readers, in a few words, his general appearance at this place. I may differ with some on the subject, but as far as I had opportunity to observe him, my remarks are, I think, correct.

With respect to his general appearance, it is sufficient to say: He is rather above the ordinary stature; not symmetrically proportioned; has a long beard, and very little expression in his countenance. His forehead is low, and owing to the peculiar manner, in which he wears his hair, gives his whole physiognomy a pusillanimous appearance. His lectures are highly characteristic of his demeanour—eccentric to a great degree, partaking rather of the low and vulgar. He as frequently *composes himself to rest*, on a heap of wood or stones as otherwise, surrounded by the throng, eager to catch a glimpse of the singular Lorenzo. In private, he says but little himself, and gives to others an opportunity of saying still less. In his expressions, he is quaint and antiquated; in his manner still more so. Such is the character of the famous Lorenzo Dow.

OBSERVATOR.

FROM THE BALLSTON SPA GAZETTE depend  
all I name

## THE GABBLING SOCIETY

The Gabbling Society has ex<sup>ist</sup> on them? of mind, and branches of it h<sup>ave</sup> from youth to ed throughout the world. and Perseverance trod into several tow<sup>n</sup> philosopher's stone beg leave, for the inform<sup>ation</sup> touches into gold.—fair, for whom I enter<sup>tain</sup>, the pillar of usefulness to give an extr<sup>a</sup> key-stone of wisdom, around one lately ad<sup>ded</sup> virtues move.

side. nily and relatives of an ancient in-  
"Art<sup>ist</sup> of H. had assembled at his late resi-  
a week after his decease, to hear in  
manner he willed the disposal of his pro-



2. Males may be admitted honorary Members.

3. This Society shall meet at least once a day; and any *two* can form a quorum to transact business.

4. The ordinary business of this Society, shall consist in collecting, making and vending *News*, of all kinds, for the information and edification of the community—in determining who is handsome, and who ugly—who rich and who poor—who may marry and who not—who may live and who die—in regulating all tea-parties, and all articles of dress—in determining who is worthy and who unworthy—what is fashionable and what unfashionable—in punishing the refractory—in fulminating maledictions against those who treat us with neglect. And as it is the particular province of this Society to interfere in all family concerns, it is hereby made the duty of each member, to pry into all family secrets, and make due report of the same to the Society: and as it is essential to the welfare of this Society, that every family should have great and important secrets, and that those secrets should be known—this Society will engage in the charitable work of manufacturing secrets for the needy.

5. There shall be five standing committees, viz. a committee of *Tattlers*; a committee of *Gadabouts*; a *Gossiping* committee; a *Tea-Table* committee, and a *Tittering* committee, who shall report twice a week.

6. Any member detected in *keeping a secret*, shall be expelled.

7. Any member detected in speaking well of a neighbour, who is not a member of this society, shall be expelled.

8. At each stated meeting, the President shall call on each member to furnish her quota of news, and if any one shall not have heard any, she shall forthwith manufacture some for the edification of the members, upon pain of *rustication*.

9. Those members who have been most active in advancing the interest and credit of this society, shall always be the candidates for *Amputation*.

He thins those who refuse to become members  
The while, on being invited, shall be pro-  
And he will be President in open society, and  
To blend its feelings the standing committees shall act

Over these sleeping any member of the commit-  
My heart, though so perform her duty in this res-  
I had a husband once, ed.  
He ever wears a frown

And feeds his passion on member is in danger of  
As bees, from laurel flower  
But yet I cannot hate—O member so being in jeop-

When I could hang forever on his ember, and the  
And time, who stole with silent swiftness, or tongue in  
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with

I loved him then—he loved me too—my heart  
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile; ready to  
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart; extri-

And though he often sting me with a dart,  
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile.

12. It shall be lawful for any member, if it suits *her* interest, or the interest of the society, to *profess* morality, provided she does not *practise* it.

13. Any man who questions the *purity* of our motives, shall be proclaimed an enemy, and consigned to the Committee of *Tattlers*.

14. Any woman who presumes to think or act counter to the advice of this society, shall be punished by the *Tittering* Committee.

15. As it is the intention of this society to explode modesty, decorum, virtue, integrity, taciturnity, industry, sobriety, &c. &c. any member detected in dealing in any of these old fashioned commodities shall be expelled.

16. Those male honorary members, who shall *signalise* themselves in the cause of the *sisterhood* shall be *signally* rewarded."

A list of the officers of our society, with extracts from our proceedings shall hereafter be given. As the society is in a very thriving condition, their transactions will be very interesting to the public.

DOROTHY FAIRSIDE.

#### A WASHING DAY.

"A TIME FOR ALL THINGS."—Solomon.

"An hour before the worshipped sun,  
Peered forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad."

Shakspeare.

Perhaps it is not known to all the modern Benedicts who magnanimously live, (as Captain Dalgetty hath it,) "for their own peculiar," who wisely shut themselves out from the common perils of domestic calamity, and snore as long as they please, every morning in their own hired houses—perhaps it is not known to such most comfortably situated gentlemen, what an event a Washing Day is, how, and when, and where it ends. A Washing Day at home, then, is the longest day in the week; it generally begins at 7 o'clock in the evening of Monday, and continues foul weather, with breezes, till the afternoon of Tuesday.

The dreadful "notes of preparation" are first sounded by the splashing of buckets full of water on the evening previous to the ill-fated day. It would seem as if the second sack of Troy had commenced: the hum of buckets and kettles—the familiar "household words" of *Polly* and *Thomas* and *Nabby*, reiterated from one extremity to the other, all indicate the force of the *enemy*, and that the battle is waxing hot.—*Polly* is wanted in the name of the brass-kettle—*Thomas* is required in behalf of the tub—and *Nabby* is principal engineer of empty buckets. Poor *Grimalkin* is turned out of doors; and *Ponto* wisely chooses the barn instead of a scald. All sorts and sizes of the human dress are collected from their lodging places, and as Milton



makes his devils throw dirt at each other, "in jaculation dire,") thrown into a mass in the kitchen.

But these, alas! are only the preliminaries of the business. Before,

"Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkles with rosy light the dewy lawn."

Yes! and before you have done with your first nap—you hear strange sounds, above, beneath and around; you start up; you think—first think of thieves, then of thunderstorm, rain, hail and earthquake; now you are wide awake and realize the return of washing day; and accordingly jump mechanically from the bed, hang on your clothes, and make a precipitate retreat.

You secretly determine not to re-enter the house till the end of the campaign, and most resolutely and desperately do you set out on your morning travels. But hunger, that sometimes "e'en the gods overtake," overtakes you: with ominous foreboding, and suspicious fears, you return to reconnoitre the strength and position of the enemy; and at length boldly march into the camp.

"What do you want here?" cries the better half of yourself.

"My breakfast, love!" (a soft answer turneth away wrath,) "my breakfast, love," you reply.

"Breakfast! breakfast! (elevating the head to an awful attitude)—breakfast on a washing day?"

By-and-by you set down alone to your precious repast of burnt toast, muddy coffee, eggs boiled to the capacity of grape-shot, or peradventure not boiled at all; you "pick clean teeth" for 15 minutes, and in a huff make another desperate sortie from the house.

After suffering the "aching void" of an empty stomach through the forenoon, you make another charge at one o'clock, with renewed impetuosity. On going into your dining room you see no preparation for dinner; you incontinently ring the bell—no answer. In utter despondency you fly into the kitchen.

"And what do you want *here*?" cries out at once the whole battalion of scrubbers and scourers.

"My dinner"—you mournfully reply.

"It is Washing Day."

"I knew it." You take a handkerchief from your pocket to allay perspiration.—Unlucky deed! One of the sylphs who preside over the tub claims it as her lawful victim.

"My dinner"—you exclaim, in faltering accents.

"The handkerchief!" shouts the washer of clothes, louder than Othello.

"My din—" you faintly articulate.

"The hank—"

You meditate an escape; you attempt to run; you fall upon the slippery floor—you

damage your broadcloth, and you are rifled of your handkerchief—you lose your dinner, spirits, handkerchief, and all.

After meditating upon your forlorn condition in this state of deep affliction—you *make* a dinner, if dinner it may be called that's dinner none; (*i. e.*) You range the closets, and cut without method or discrimination, butter and cake, and bread and apple, and cheese and sugar.

You seize your hat, and run yourself as much out of breath, as did the Bohemian, Hayradin Mangrabin, in the story of Quentin Durward, when the dogs were loosed upon him.

You return at evening. Oh! what altered faces!—

"——Hope, enhanced, smiles,  
And waves her golden hair."

Your wife smiles, and you smile. Even Pon to growls pleasure, and Grimalkin whispers satisfaction. Every thing is regenerated; not a shred remains "unwhipt of justice."—You exclaim, "sweet are the uses of adversity."—You are comforted with the reflection that your last meal is better than your first.

You had lost your dinner, your breakfast, your temper, and handkerchief; but now you have found them all. You feel as a traveller who, after many hardships and misfortunes, is at last restored to his friends, his comforts and his home. You, (pardon me most kind and gentle reader, and reverend seigniors, all,) kiss your wife, and exclaim,

"Thus should desert in *suds*—be crowned

From the Trenton Emporium.

#### THE SETTLERS.

"Merrily, merrily peals the horn,  
While sweet the birds are singing,  
And gaily blooms the waving corn,  
And the woodman's axe is ringing."

There are two words in our language which serve as finger-posts to point out unerringly the road to fortune. Guided by them no one can ever fail; with magic power they baffle the storms of fortune, and turn back the flood of ill upon its source. Their results are sure, though every thing else in the world is measurably uncertain; their reward may be calculated on, while all other calculations depend upon varying circumstances. Shall I name them? They should be taught to lisping children. Shall I comment on them? They should be practised from youth to age. Hear it: *Industry* and *Perseverance* combined, is the farfamed philosopher's stone which turns whatever it touches into gold.—It is the basis of fortune, the pillar of usefulness, and the key-stone of wisdom, around which all the virtues move.

The family and relatives of an ancient inhabitant of H. had assembled at his late residence, a week after his decease, to hear in what manner he willed the disposal of his pro-



perty. He had a large and lucrative farm, and three children, grown up to be young men. The eldest was decreed the estate, and as was much the custom in those days, the two youngest brothers were left a small legacy each; "a sum sufficient, with industry and perseverance, to found a fortune on,"—"Our father," said Charles, unmoved, when he heard the sum of his fortune; "our father leaves us a valuable portion; it consists not only in the best advice, but in the strongest motives to put that advice in practice."

The brothers had been brought up to the occupation of cultivators of the soil, and held it unwise to leave a business in which they were well versed, for any other: they therefore sat about preparing to make their entrance into the world as agriculturists. The plan was soon laid. To procure comfortable farms in that country, for it was not far from Philadelphia, was impossible without involving themselves in debt. They resolved to emigrate to the Susquehannah, and choose a situation, where their industry might avail them more, and where their means would be sufficient to enable them to make a beginning with perfect safety. They chose a spot of ground, after considerable research, and settled down in the bosom of the vast and untrodden forests.

They left the ancient home of their father, now the rich possession of their elder brother, with cheerfulness. They knew that all depended on their individual exertions, and strong in the consciousness of their own powers, they went.

The spot they chose was one of peculiar beauty. It was a lengthened valley, gently declining to the river. Around it on every side nature had piled her mountain barriers, as if to protect the natural foilage of its verdant soil, and add grandeur to the beauty of the scene. There now to the peal of the already located hunter, answered the axe of the woodman, and the song of the plough-boy. The forest bent beneath their efforts, and green fields of waving grain, in a year after, greeted the vision of the traveller, and added new delights to the rural splendors of the quiet vale.

There in the bosom of the wide and uncultured wilderness, with their own personal exertions alone to depend on, they pursued the even tenor of their way. It led to independence. Year after year passed on, and each returning spring saw vegetation springing from newly cultivated fields. The scene indeed, was far removed from the influence of fashion, and the haunts of pride—but the earth yielded her luxurious treasures in as rich abundance, as it did beneath the sunshine of wealth's proudest splendour; it was as ready to make rich its vigilant husbandmen there, as

it was within the orbit of the sun of civilization.

The bold and enterprising brothers, laid here the foundation of a rich and extensive settlement, and peopled it in process of time with a virtuous and an industrious progeny. Their children brought up to labour, inured to fatigue, and taught to be economical and careful, followed closely in the path of riches beaten by their parents. The eldest of the brothers died at last; his survivor lived to a more venerable age. And it was when the snows of more than ninety winters pressed upon his head, that he sat one evening in the door of his neat cottage, looking at a little company of his great grandchildren sporting on the green before his shaded door. The sun was retiring behind the western mountains and faintly threw his last beams upon the blue waters of the silent river. The bleating of numerous flocks of sheep, and the lowing of numerous herds, fell like the music of autumn on his ear. His thoughts wandered back to those early days, when in the confidence of youthful vigour and the blessing of Providence, he first struck an axe in the ancient oak of the thick forest. It was on the very spot. He recalled to memory the home of his father, which he had not now seen for seventy years; the recollection of an elder and a beloved brother, who had once inhabited it. That goodly heritage had long since passed to strangers. His brother was in the rest appointed for all the living, and his family scattered to the four winds of heaven.

As he gave way to these tender and sad associations, his brother's original circumstances and subsequent life ranged themselves in view with his own; and he called his little family around him, and thus addressed them:

"Listen, my children, to the voice of age, for age giveth experience, and experience maketh wise. You are most of you the sons of comparatively wealthy parents, as was I. But fortune frowned on me almost as soon as I had become familiar with her name; she may frown on you. It is beneath the dignity of man to bend under disappointments. Heaven has made ample provision for all. The world is wide, and furnishes to each who seeks it, a congenial spot. I bent not; you must not bend. Go, and bear with you the remembrance that you must all either build or support the foundation of your happiness and respectability. Depend not on others. He only is wise who applies himself to gaining the means of an independent livelihood. Go, then, in your young days provide for your old age. Your time of labour is come; mine is past. I have found in my life, the truth of three maxims: Industry and perseverance is the road to wealth—Dependence on the estates of others is dangerous—and virtue is the



only security for happiness. Go, and remember you had an uncle who began the world rich, and ended it poor; and a grand-sire who began poor and ended rich;—because the former depended on an inheritance, without care or prudence; and the latter pressed all the advantages of human economy into his service, depending wholly on himself. And he, who, in temporal matters, leans on another person, will lean upon a broken reed—

*"And oft a spear,  
On whose sharp point hope bleeds, and peace expires."*

There was a pathos in the old man's tone, a sanction in his history, and a commentary in his circumstances. They produced the wished for effect, and the families of the Edgars are to this day the wealthiest in all the country they inhabit.

#### GRAND CANAL CELEBRATION.

Pursuant to previous arrangements, the junction of the waters of the Mohawk with those of the Hudson, by means of the ERIE CANAL, was celebrated at Albany on Wednesday the 8th inst. in a style which has probably never been surpassed in this country.

It is estimated that not less than 50,000 people were assembled on this occasion. In the language of our informant, the whole country appeared to have been deluged with a multitude which no man could number, and to have settled into the vale of the Hudson.

From some cause, no more than fifteen of the committee of seventy-two appointed in this city, were able to attend; but an accession was made to it, by adding a number of our most respectable citizens, who went up as volunteers. Of this number were Doctor Hosack, Mr. Wynkoop, and others, making a delegation of about forty, who were received with every mark of politeness, hospitality, and attention by the Committee of Arrangements at Albany; and who were honoured with a passage in the first boat through the Canal.

At West Point, the party from this city were joined by most of the officers of the Military Academy. The excellent band belonging to that institution also embarked on board the Richmond, and added much to the pleasure of a passage up the river, and to the festive enjoyments at the celebration. Mr. Willis, who is at the head of the band, and whose bugle is known throughout the country, composed for this occasion, an exquisite piece of music, called "*the Grand Canal March*," which was played at the festival, and inspired all hearts.

The steam-boat Richmond is said to have been elegantly adorned with flags and pennons and to have exhibited an imposing spectacle, as she marched up the silver waters of the Hudson, to the sound of music, with her col-

ours flying, and a multitude on board. She was greeted at the wharf with the salutations of the Albany committee, and with the acclamations of a crowd of citizens.

It is said an adequate idea cannot be formed of the splendour and effect of the ceremonies during the day. The first boat which passed from the Mohawk to the Hudson, called the DE WITT CLINTON, is represented as surpassing in her decorations, the barge of Cleopatra. We understand that Mr. Colden and Mr. Bayard offered to purchase her on the most liberal terms, for the purpose of bringing her to this city; but that the owner would not dispose of her at any price.

The appearance of the Lodge of Royal Arch Masons, who took an active part in the ceremonies of the day, is said to have been unequalled in splendour and elegance. They were in full dress, ornamented with all the badges and symbols of the fraternity. Our informant states, that the dresses in the pageant of the coronation, which has attracted so much attention in this city, would bear no comparison with the decorations of the Royal Arch. The other societies were all adorned with their appropriate badges; and the procession, moving to the sound of the most animating music, and consisting of many thousand citizens, would exceed description. Gen. Van Rensselaer, who acted as grand marshal of the day, supported by his two aids, acquired great credit for his arrangements.

Our informant states, that the exercises at the Pavillion near the capitol were in the highest degree solemn and interesting. Dr. Chester's prayer was long, fervent and impressive, characterized by all the enthusiasm of gratitude, piety, and patriotism. The immense multitude were silent as the grave, and could hear distinctly the devotional services. Mr. Dudley, the Mayor of Albany, made a long and handsome address, which has been published, as also the reply of Mr. Clinton, President of the Board of Commissioners, and the address of William James Esq. both of which are spoken of in terms of high encomium, and were received with enthusiastic applause. Every person who had a part to perform in the transactions of this memorable day, which will form an epoch in our annals, acquitted himself in the handsomest manner, and to the satisfaction of the assembled multitude.

At 4 o'clock on Wednesday, a large party sat down to a public dinner at Rockwell's Mansion House. The other houses both public and private, were all filled with dinner parties. Business was entirely suspended during the day; the shops shut; and every inhabitant from age to infancy, intent alone on the sublime and glorious spectacle.—*Statesman.*

The following affecting circumstance is



translated from Smyrna papers received at Baltimore. It occurred at Cognia, in the interior of La Natolie, about the 14th of July last.

"An extraordinary event has occurred, which has been the subject of general conversation.

"A turk who was present at the sacking of Scio, brought away with him to this isle, a Greek female whom he had made a slave, and whom he since espoused, after having compelled her to embrace Mahometanism.

"One night, while the mussulman was enjoying the sweets of repose, she seized a cutlass, and in a moment of phrenzy, occasioned by the most horrible recollections, plunged it in the bosom of her ravisher, and then withdrew it in order to decanitate him. From that moment her revenge was satiated; and nature re-assuming its empire over a heart she had, formed for love and not for crime, the young Sciote fell, and remained a long time in a state of insensibility. After having recovered her senses, the spectacle before her eyes chilled her heart, and deprived her of the faculty of escaping: she swooned a second time and remained in that state long after day-break. At length some persons being uneasy, resolved to force the door of the fatal chamber—on one side they perceived the dead body of the Turk; on the other a female, apparently waiting for some one to arrest her. "You can dispose of me," said she, "it was I who murdered him." They seized upon her, and brought her before the Pacha. "Is it you that have murdered your husband?" "Yes," she replied, "it was I who killed the monster, who, in my house, at Scio, had the barbarity to murder my father, mother, husband and infant—who then carried me off, brought me hither, and thought to make a Turk of me, while I am in fact, and only wish to remain a Greek." The populace had assembled in order to behold the punishment that awaited this Sciote; but the Pacha, after having listened to her attentively, granted her a pardon, and sent her back to her home, to the great astonishment of all the mussulmen, who, nevertheless, on this, as on many other occasions, have submitted to the will of Providence."

### Science, Arts, &c.

*From the New-York Mirror.*

#### ASTRONOMY.

The path a Newton and a Franklin trod.

The earth is at so great a distance from the sun, that if seen from thence, it must appear no larger than a point, or what one of the remotest stars appears to us. Although the circumference of the earth is known to be 25,000 miles, yet that distance is so small compared with our distance from the fixed stars,

that if our earth was as large as the whole orbit round the sun, viz. 290,000,000 of miles, and seen from the nearest star, it would then appear no bigger than a point. The earth in going round the sun, is at certain times of the year, 162 million of miles nearer to some stars than to others; and yet their apparent magnitudes, situations and distances from each other still appear the same; and with a telescope which will magnify 200 times, their size is not sensibly increased; which proves them to be at least 400,000 times farther off than we are from the sun; and there may be as great a distance between any two neighbouring stars as there is between our sun and the nearest star to that body. By the help of telescopes, thousands of stars are seen which are not discoverable to the naked eye, and the better the glass, the more become visible; so that no bounds can be set to their number or their distance. It is supposed by some astronomers that there are worlds, or what we term stars, at such an inconceivable distance, as that their light has not yet reached the earth, although the velocity of light is a million times greater than that of a ball from a cannon's mouth. The sun appears bright and large, in comparison to the fixed stars; and the inhabitants of one of those bodies see the nearest star to them as the sun; and our sun as a star. The stars shine with their own native and unborrowed lustre, as the sun does; and since each particular star, as well as the sun, is confined to a particular proportion of space, it is plain that the stars are of the same nature with the sun. Whoever imagines that the stars are created only to give a faint glimmering light upon our earth, must have a very superficial knowledge of astronomy, and a narrow view of Divine Wisdom; since, by an infinitely less exertion of creating power, the Deity could have given the earth one more moon, and the sun's light would have been eternally reflected on our globe. Instead of one sun, and one world only, in the universe, we discover such an inconceivable number of suns, systems and worlds dispersed through boundless space, that if our sun, with all the planets, moons, and comets belonging to it, were annihilated, they would be no more missed by the eye that could see the whole creation, than a grain of sand from the sea shore.

Although Saturn is the farthest off of our planetary system, and revolves in an orbit of 4884,000,000 miles in circumference, and some of our comets make a circuit of 10,000 miles beyond the orbit of Saturn; yet, at that amazing distance, they are incomparably nearer the sun, than to any of the stars, which is evident from their keeping clear of all the stars, and returning periodically by the power of the sun's attraction. From what



we know of our own system, we may reasonably conclude, that all the rest are, with equal wisdom and power, contrived, situated, and provided with accommodations for rational inhabitants.

Light is considered by philosophers as a real substance; an extremely attenuated fluid matter emanating from all luminous bodies, from which it is projected in right lines with prodigious velocity. Light, however, being imponderable, cannot be insulated or confined, and examined by itself; and it is therefore better known by the effects it produces on other bodies. The electric fluid, caloric, and light, are by some philosophers, supposed to be different modifications of the same substance; and there is certainly a very obvious connexion between light and heat.—Light, on being decomposed, is found to consist of the seven original colours, refrangible in different degrees. Dr. Herschel, from some experiments he made is induced to believe that the sun emits rays of light and heat distinctly, and supposes that he has separated them, the rays of heat, as he states, being less refrangible than the rays of light.

Light travels with astonishing celerity, moving from the sun to the earth, (or across one half of the earth's orbit,) in eight minutes, consequently near 200,000 miles in a second—this is ascertained by astronomers, by calculations founded on observing the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter. The hypothesis, however, of some very distinguished philosophers, (though now generally abandoned,) denies this projectile motion of light. They contend that light is a subtile fluid, filling space, and rendering bodies visible by the undulations into which it is thrown. According to this theory, when the sun rises, it agitates this fluid, the undulations gradually extend themselves, and at last, striking against the eye, we see the sun.

Light is derived from four different sources, 1st, The sun and the stars; 2d, Combustion; 3d, Heat; and 4th, Percussion. Why the sun and stars should for ever emit light, is among those phenomena not to be explained by human reason; but the fact is evident to the senses. Light is emitted from every case of combustion, being in that case derived from the atmospherical air, or the combustible consumed. If heat be applied to bodies, and continually increased, they become luminous, or red-hot; no fact is more familiar than this. The last source of light is percussion; it is well known that when flint and steel are struck together, sparks are produced, capable of igniting gunpowder, and light is produced by the collision of quartz and other hard stones. Light is justly considered a material agent in nature, and is capable of various combinations, and becomes a component part of other

bodies, of which phosphorescent substances, fire-flies, &c. are examples.

*A varnish for wood that will resist the action of boiling water.*

Take a pound and a half of linseed oil, and boil it in a copper vessel, not tinned, suspending in the oil a small linen bag, containing five ounces of litharge and three ounces of minium, both pulverized, taking care that the bag does not touch the bottom of the vessel. Continue the ebullition till the oil acquires a deep brown colour; then take out the bag, and substitute another bag containing a clove of garlic. Continue the ebullition, and renew the garlic seven or eight times, or else put the whole in at once. Then throw into the vessel a pound of yellow amber, after having melted it in the following manner: To a pound of well pulverized amber add two ounces of linseed oil, and place the whole on a strong fire. When the fusion is complete, pour it boiling hot into the prepared linseed oil, and let it continue to boil for two or three minutes, stirring it well. Let it rest, decant the composition, and preserve it, when cold, in well-stopped bottles. After having polished the wood on which the varnish is to be applied, the wood is to have the desired colour given to it; for example, for walnut-tree, a slight coat of the mixture of soot with oil of turpentine. When this colour is perfectly dry, lay on a coat of varnish with a fine sponge, in order to distribute it equally. Repeat these coats four times, always taking care to let one coat dry before the next is applied.

### Humour.

*A good Apology.*—In the court of Sessions in Scotland, the judges who do not attend or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced; but it is common, on the first day of the session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield said in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" "My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied "Has he? that is a gude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

### A LITERARY ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote is said to have actually occurred in the western part of Pennsylvania. An agent soliciting subscribers for the life of Bonaparte, shewed his prospectus to a man who read "one dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep."—After considering for a moment, he replied, "that when he should be called on for pay, he might not have boards or sheep on hand, and he would not subscribe."



## Poetick Department.

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS CABINET.

## TO ELIZA.

When the beam of the morning illumines the East,  
 And all nature is beauty, and silence serene,  
 What heart-thrilling pleasure awakens the breast!  
 Transporting the mind with the beautiful scene!  
 And thus do the fond rays of beauty effulgent  
 Illumine our hearts with each impulse of joy;  
 Dear friendship bids welcome to love more indulgent,  
 And yields a sweet solace which nought can destroy.  
 Be this tribute devoted to thee, sweetest maid,  
 As it flows from a heart where thy charms ever burn;  
 With thy smiles bid it welcome, nor frown nor upbraid,  
 But e'er give to friendship a mutual return.  
 Sweet smiles grace thy brow in the splendour of beauty,  
 And brilliant thine eye as the sun's early ray;  
 May Cupid bequeath thee the tribute of duty,  
 And ever with virtue thy beauty array.

THE HERMIT.

Mrs. Johns, at her last concert in New-Haven,  
 sung the following patriotick stanzas, at her  
 instance composed and adapted to an Irish  
 air

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

A the heart of our country the tyrant was leaping,  
 To dye there the point of his dagger in gore;  
 When Washington sprang from the watch he was keeping,  
 And drove back that tyrant in shame from our shore.  
 The cloud that hung o'er us, then parted and rolled  
 Its wreaths far away deeply tinged with flame,  
 And high on its fold  
 Was a legend that told  
 The glory that circled our Washington's name.  
 Long years have rolled on, and the sun still has brightened  
 Our mountains and fields with its ruddiest glow,  
 And the bolt that he wielded so proudly, has lighten'd,  
 With a flash as intense in the face of the foe—  
 On the land and the sea the wide banner has roll'd  
 O'er many a chief on his passage to fame:  
 And still on its fold  
 Shine in letters of gold.  
 The glory and worth of our Washington's name.  
 And so shall it be, while Eternity tarries,  
 And pauses to tread in the footsteps of Time;  
 The bird of the tempest, whose quick pinion carries  
 Our arrows of vengeance, shall hover sublime;  
 Wherever that flag on the wind shall be rolled,  
 All hearts shall be kindled with anger and shame,  
 If e'er they are told  
 We are careless and cold  
 Of the glory that circles our Washington's name.

The following beautiful lines were addressed  
 to the Agent of the Colonization Society,  
 by a lady in Connecticut:

## AFRICA.

Land of the wise! where science broke  
 Like morning from chaotic deeps,  
 Where Moses, holy prophet, woke,  
 Where Parsons, youthful martyr, sleeps.  
 Land of the brave! where Carthage reared  
 'Gainst haughty Rome, a warrior's crest;  
 Where Cato, like a God revered,  
 Indignant pierced his patriot breast.  
 Land of the scorned, the exiled race!  
 Who, fainting 'neath oppressive toil,  
 With never ceasing tears, retrace  
 Their palm-tree shade, their fathers' soil.

Shall blest Benevolence extend  
 Her angel reign from sea to sea,  
 Nor yet one glance of pity bend,  
 Deserted Africa! on thee?

Shall Mercy's ardent heralds haste  
 O'er all the earth with zeal benign,  
 Dare baleful clime, and burning waste,  
 Yet coldly turn their course from thine!

Did nature bid the torrid skies  
 Glare fiercely o'er thy desert glade,  
 In heathen gloom benight thine eyes,  
 And cloud thy brow with ebon shade?

And must thy brother's hatred find  
 A doom that nature never gave?  
 A curse that nature ne'er designed?  
 The fetter and the name of slave!

Haste! lift from Afric's wrongs the veil,  
 Ere the Eternal Judge arise,  
 Who lists the helpless prisoner's wail,  
 And counts the tears from Misery's eyes.

Oh! ere the flaming skies reveal  
 That frown which none can meet and live,  
 Teach her before the throne to kneel,  
 And like her Saviour, pray—"Forgive."

From the Liverpool Mercury.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

Shenstone used to comfort himself with the reflection  
 that he bore a name that was not obnoxious to a pun;  
 but there have been compliments conveyed, by puns on  
 names, with which the most fastidious might consent to  
 be pleased. The following pretended to be from the pen  
 of Shakspeare, addressed to the lady he married, is ex-  
 tremely gallant and ingenious. It is inscribed—"To the  
 idol of mine eyes and the delight of my heart, Ann Hath-  
 away."

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,  
 With love's sweet note to grace your song,  
 To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,  
 Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!  
 She hath a way to sing so clear,  
 Phœbus might, wondering, stoop to hear;  
 To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,  
 And nature charm, Anne hath a way,  
 She hath a way,  
 Anne Hathaway,

To breathe delight Anne hath a way.

When envy's breath and rancorous tooth  
 Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,  
 And merit to distress betray,  
 To soothe the heart, Anne hath a way.  
 She hath a way, to chase despair,  
 To heal all grief, to cure all care,  
 Turn foulest night to fairest day,  
 Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way.

She hath a way,

Anne Hathaway,

To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,  
 The diamond, topaz, amethyst,  
 The emerald mild, the ruby gay,  
 Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway;  
 She hath a way, with her bright eye,  
 Their various lustre to defy,  
 The jewel she, and the foil they,  
 So sweet to look Anne hath a way,

She hath a way,

Anne Hathaway,

To shame bright gems Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given  
 To rate her charms, I'd call them Heaven.  
 For, though a mortal made of clay,  
 Angels must love Anne Hathaway;  
 She hath a way to control,  
 To rapture the imprisoned soul,  
 And sweetest Heaven on earth display  
 That to be Heaven Anne hath a way,  
 She hath a way,  
 Anne Hathaway,  
 To be Heaven's self, Anne hath a way.